The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

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For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The History of JACK MARTIN.

[*Continued from page* 129.]

MARTIN might have fared well enough had he paid proper attention to his buſineſs, inſtead of which he had recourſe to his old way of life; conſtantly engaged at taverns and other places of diſſipation, or you might ſee him at a corner declaiming againſt *Jacobiniſm* (for as I before obſerved, gentle reader, he had not yet found it his *intereſt* to turn *Democrat*); things again preſſed hard on our hero, and he was put to his wit's end to deviſe methods to extricate himſelf from his creditors, who were pretty numerous; Jack had therefore to reſign the exhibition of his Orrery, but not before he had pretty nearly ruined his partner (for the perſons that eſtabliſhed him in Boſton would not truſt him alone.) To get rid of his friends, enemies and debts at once, Jack took the moſt ready way; he reſolved to decamp without ſounding a retreat, and by that means *aſtoniſh* his acquaintance; but before Martin departed, he reſolved to obtain a new ſuit of clothes by ſome means or other, and thus it was —he ſent to a tailor to take his meaſure for a ſuit of black, our gentleman having informed him that a relation was dead and that he muſt poſitively have the clothes ready by ſuch a day; the tailor followed his directions in every particular (being anxious for new cuſtomers, and having *miſtaken Jack for a gentleman*) and the clothes were ready exactly at the time. The tailor ſent the ſuit home by one of his journeymen, and ordered him not to leave it unleſs Martin paid for them, the man did as he was directed, waited on Jack and gave him the ſuit of ſable; after which he preſented his maſter's bill: "Oh, aye," ſaid Jack, "I'll pay you on the inſtant, but firſt let me try them on;" the man conſented, but looked rather ſuſpicious of Jack's honeſty. Martin accordingly ſtepped into the next room, and left the man in waiting: he had waited near an hour, and was anxious to return home; and Jack not appearing, the man thought there could be no harm in juſt taking a peep through the key-hole to ſee if my gentleman was forthcoming, but could perceive no one inſide, he next endeavored to open the door but found it locked!— he then burſt it open, and to his utter confuſion found that Jack had made an *exit per window*, with the new ſuit of clothes, and ſuch of his old ones as were worth any thing. The journeyman ſcampered off home, and almoſt out of breath, told the direful tale; the tailor ranted, raved, ſwore, ſtormed, and did all thoſe things which a tailor will do when he has loſt the price of a ſuit of clothes; but it was all in vain, Martin by this time had taken a *French Leave* of Boſton, and was on his way to—*Richmond*; and ſo much was Jack ſtruck with the excellency of the *French* mode, that every thing he has done ſince, is tinctured with ſomething *Gallic*.

(To be continued.)

JUDGE BURNET, when he was only plain Tom Burnet, took it in his head to write a pamphlet, which did ſome execution againſt the miniſtry. The great man complained to the biſhop, who ſending for Tom——"What," ſays he, "could induce you to do ſuch a thing? I make you a very handſome allowance; you could not write it for bread!" "No ſir," ſaid Tom.— "What did you write it for, then, ſirrah?"— "for drink, ſir," ſaid Tom.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

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CHAP. XI.

Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil thy trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.

SWIFT.

SOON after Smith had entered his fifteenth year, Mr. Lewis removed further from St. Donats to a more centrical situation, by which his school was greatly encreased. Mr. Freeman kindly embraced this opportunity to undertake the more polished part of his classical education, before he went to the University. Lord Edward, who was struck at the steady attention of a youth to his studies, a youth who was as bold and spirited as himself, began to have some respect for the character of a scholar. When respect is once produced, a desire to be possessed of the same accomplishments which produce that respect, will, in an active mind, quickly follow. Lord Edward, therefore, soon entertained a secret desire that Mr. Freeman would also favour him with some instructions, which he began, for the first time in his life, to think must be so necessary and advantageous. But it was many months after the commencement of their acquaintance, before he signified his wish to the Duke, who had, for some time been pressing him to have a private tutor, a senior student of C. C. of the name of *Plausible*. To one of these exhortations he answered, "If your Grace will permit, and Mr. Freeman will be so kind, I will attend him, with Smith, and endeavor to do my best, but I never shall bear a regular tutor." The Duke instantly applied to Mr. Freeman, who candidly confessed himself both unable and unwilling to accept the task of a private tutor. Lord Edward then applied in person. "My dear sir," said he, "be so kind as just to point out to me what you think is most necessary for me to learn, and I will promise you to do what I never did before in my life, to try to learn." In short, Mr. Freeman was so far prevailed on, as to permit him to attend him with Smith. At first he gave him his book, and simply pointed out where he wished him to begin, and left it to his own will to learn as much or as little as he liked; but it was not long before lord Edward became systematically attentive, and they then proceeded more regularly. The quantity of learning that had been poured into his head by his various other teachers (for the public school from which he was expelled, was not the first beginning) soon began to separate, and became settled by the care and attention of Mr. Freeman. His grace was highly delighted with the wonderful change in his whole behavior, and a small living in his gift becoming vacant in that neighborhood, he presented it to Mr. Freeman. It was worth about one hundred pounds a year, and after paying the curate, became a comfortable addition to his income. In this state things continued, till Smith attained his sixteenth year, when Mr. Freeman prepared to visit an old acquaintance near Durham, purposing to take Smith with him, and to enter him at Oxford on his way home. Lord Edward was to meet them in London, and enter at C. C. at the same time. Mr. Plausible had already been bespoke as his private tutor, and his grace's interest hast got a promise of the first vacant studentship for Smith. So lucky had our hero been, that every acquaintance he had formed in life, had proved a serviceable friend. A poor orphan, dependent on charity, even brought up in the workhouse of a country parish, had, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, not only got into the first connections, but had already, in a great degree, found himself provided for. In the course of the journey Mr. Freeman explained to our youth his present situation and future prospects in life. Major Grey had insisted upon his friend's taking twenty pounds a year for Smith (a larger sum he would not take) and even of this Mr. Freeman would never touch a farthing, but the overplus, after paying his school and clothes expences, was regularly laid by. "This, said he, to Smith, "is more than forty pounds, and one hundred and fifty will be soon due to you from captain Willis's bounty. You have, therefore, near two hundred pounds to assist you at the beginning, besides an annual seventy pounds and your studentship, and this, I can assure you, is a larger sum than many young men of birth and family have on their first entrance at the university. You see, then, your means; take care you do not exceed them. If you wish to avoid evil, beware of temptation; be not hasty in forming connections, or eager for a large acquaintance; the introduction by lord Edward will insure you enough. Above all things Smith endeavor to govern your passions; in other words, you must constantly practise self denial, if you are desirous of being a good Christian." Smith listened to him as if an angel had spoken, and again and again thanked him, and hoped at all times he might have his advice. This Mr. Freeman promised him, and any other assistance in his power.

They arrived with pleasant stages at Mr. Freeman's friend's, now become an high priest, possessed of numerous preferments in the church, prebend of D. &c. &c. &c. This gentleman had two brothers in parliament, and daily looked forward for higher rank in his profession.—He had early in life married a lady whose riches both in family and fortune amply made up (at least Mr. Solingey imagined he should think so) for every other deficiency. Mr. Solingey had so very often and so earnestly pressed Mr. Freeman to favor him with a visit, that he intended, at the present time, to stay a fortnight with him, and afterwards to visit a Mr. Selfwill, a bachelor of large landed property, and an old acquaintance of his father's. In their road to Mr. Solingey's (I should have mentioned) they slept at York. Smith, who had risen early, and found his friend was not yet up, strolled out into the town.—Tempted by the beauty of the morning, he had followed a pleasant walk that had led him about half a mile from the environs of the town, when the vibrating notes of a harp caught his ear. Proceeding a few steps further, he perceived an elegant mansion, which a thick grove of trees hid before from view. Slowly he approached the part from whence the music came, and distinctly heard a female voice accompany the sound:

Softly sweet in Lydian measure,
Soon she sooth'd his soul to pleasure.

In his eagerness to get a sight of the songstress, he both discovered and punished himself. The window was open; a beautiful young girl sat alone with her harp; the jetty tresses floated in the breeze, and formed a pleasing contrast to her fair complexion. The native glow of health was softened by the tinge of youth: the smiles of innocence dimpled in her cheeks; animation heightened the genial lustre of her eye, as with artless grace, unconscious of notice, her snowy arms sportively played along the strings. In a moment she perceived our youth; she

ſtarted, and the crimſon veil of modeſty overſpread her countenance. In her haſte to ſhut down the window, ſhe dropped a locket that was ſuſpended from her neck.—— Smith, who was coming forward in the act of apologizing for his rudeneſs, caught the trinket; and his reſpectful manners induced the lady to again open the window. ——In the moſt civil, pleaſing, reſpectful, and flattering terms he excuſed his intruſion; and common civility induced the fair maiden to ſtay while her ſervant came round for the trinket. As he gave the bauble to the maid, his gallantry induced him to impreſs a warm kiſs upon it, and immediately, with a low bow, he retired.— In his way to the inn, he thrice miſſed his road with thinking of the young lady; and, having informed Mr. Freeman of the cauſe of his abſence,——he fell into a deep reverie all the time of breakfaſt. He left York with a ſorrowful heart, and his friend did not ſpare him for being ſmitten at firſt ſight; but by the time our travellers arrived at Mr. Solingey's, the enchanting unknown was almoſt forgotten.

Mr. Solingey in the place of a friendly hoſpitality, received the gentlemen with a ceremonious oſtentation. Mr. Freeman, the laſt man in the world to play the ſycophantic admirer, was in a few hours heartily ſick of the greatneſs of his quondam friend, and at once determined to cut ſhort his ſtay, and not exceed the week. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Selfwill, that he would be with him the next week. From thence he propoſed going to town, to enter the young man at Oxford, and to ſtay a few days with an old aunt, his mother's ſiſter, about thirty miles beyond the univerſity. Our young hero, as well as Mr. Freeman, was ſoon heartily tired of the formal pride of their reverend hoſt; and after breakfaſt in a morning, while Mr. Freeman was at cheſs with the doctor, or viewing his domains, Smith generally ſtrolled out alone, and ſeldom returned till dinner time, which was not at an early hour.

In one of theſe ſolitary rambles, at the entrance of a long narrow lane, he perceived a chaiſe driving furiouſly towards him. Smith was walking on the bank above the road:——curioſity drew him towards the carriage;—— when a weak female voice exclaimed, "Oh! help me, help!" Inſtantly a man leaning forward, hid the perſon who had ſpoke from his view. Smith heard no more, but he heard enough to raiſe every ſpark of humanity within him. Running ſtill on the bank, he aſked who was in the carriage? "A mad woman," replied the man. "Driver get on." A ſtifled ſcream inſtantly pierced his ear. He ordered the driver to ſtop, who ſhewed his unwillingneſs by violently flogging his horſes. The narrowneſs of the road prevented our youth from leaping into it, as he muſt then have been behind the carriage; but he ruſhed along the bank to be at the bottom before it. The poſt boy kept his horſes to a full ſpeed; the man in the carriage preſented a piſtol; and as they galloped down the lane Smith found he was loſing ground very faſt. Unable to overtake the carriage, as quick as the thought he picked up a ſtone and whirled it at the driver. Not Paris nor the younger Ajax, nor the famous William Tell himſelf aimed with more ſucceſs; it fell upon that bone which the dancing maſter delights to ſee in a perpendicular attitude, but which pleaſes dame nature better in the inclining curve: the whole maſs of marrow was electrified at the ſhock; the wretch himſelf reeled, and, writhing with the pain fell headlong from the horſe. The animals, frightened, increaſed their ſpeed for a little while; but they had been hard driven, and fatigue ſoon took the place of fear—they leiſurely ſtopped of themſelves, the laſh and ſpur no longer urging them. The man, enraged, leaped from the carriage, and as Smith approached fired his piſtol; at the ſame inſtant our hero ſtruck it aſide with his ſtick, and in the next moment felled the fellow to the ground. Regardleſs of his opponent, he haſtened to the carriage, and a lovely female ſprung into his arms. He bore his delicious burden to a bank ſome little diſtance from the road; alarm and apprehenſion had almoſt deprived her of her ſenſes, and a ſeaſonable flood of tears came to her relief. As he ſtill ſupported her, our hero turned his eyes upon the countenance of the ſtranger, and to his ſurpriſe, and not a little to his pleaſure, he recognized the captivating muſician who had ſo ſtrongly intereſted his mind at York. Never did our hero know a happier moment: pleaſure, the wiſe man ſays, is ſhort. Can I leave him then at a better time? "To fall in love," ſays one philoſopher, "is more pleaſing than to fall out of it." Another tells us, "It is eaſier to get in than to get out:"— and again, "Thoſe are beſt cured of love, who are firſt cured." Once more, "Love is a pleaſing madneſs, and none but fools would be cured at all." And to conclude, "Every moment is miſpent that is not ſpent in love."

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CHAP. XII.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but the exactly round;
So life we praiſe, that doth excel,
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER.

I HAVE left my hero ſo delightfully ſituated, that I confeſs I have no wiſh to diſturb him; but how ſhall I otherwiſe get on with the hiſtory? Would I were a good painter, that the attitude in which the youth ſat, while he liſtened to the heart-thrilling voice of the beauteous unknown, might be more forcibly conveyed to the reader. She told him that, deceived by the liveries and carriage of her father, and one of his footmen being corrupted, ſhe had been conducted from an evening route, and forcibly carried away towards Scotland. The fair one ſtopped; the villain had recovered his legs and appeared by the ſide of the horſes. But he waited not the coming of our hero; he had already cut the traces, and mounting the ſaddle horſe rode furiouſly away. The driver too came limping up, but ſo hurt by the blow he had received on his back, that he could with difficulty walk. Smith ordered him at his peril to prepare the other horſe to carry the lady to a place of ſafety, and returned to his fair charge, whoſe tale was ſoon ended. That ſhe had travelled all night alone, and had not been joined by the perſon in the chaiſe till the morning; that ſhe knew not before his intentions in carrying her from home; that he had regularly ſent a ſervant forward for horſes to be ready at an unfrequented place, and, by keeping to private roads, and by tying on handkerchiefs over her face when they came to the more public places, they had travelled without any hindrance till ſhe had the happineſs to meet him. Her conduct had already told that it was not without a ſtrenuous reſiſtance on her part; and it will be needleſs to repeat the warm and grateful thanks her ſuſceptible heart uttered. Our hero was in ecſtacies, liſtened with rapt attention to each word that was ſpoke, and in a very few minutes had quaffed large draughts of love. The trinket which the fair ſtranger had before dropped from the window, had fallen in the chaiſe; Smith

presented it to the owner, who, with a smile said, "You have saved it twice, sir; is it worth your acceptance?"—"Most willingly, most thankfully will I wear it next my heart, which wants not indeed any thing to remind me of its mistress." He was proceeding in the true lover's stile when these delicious sentations were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of some horsemen, who in a menacing attitude hasted towards them. The moment the first of the party perceived the fair maiden, he checked his horse, and clapping his hand to his ear, gave as loud a tally ho as a weak shrill voice was able. There was something, a mixture of affectation and ignorance, so truly ridiculous both in his note and method, that, at another time, Smith would have laughed most heartily, but at present other things than laughable ones employed him. A more elderly gentleman now came up, whom the younger most willingly suffered to take the post of honor in case of an affray; but the lady instantly sprung forward, and while she called the one by the name of father, informed him that our hero was her deliverer. Thanks and congratulations passed of course; and the gentlemen's servants coming up, he ordered one of his men to dismount, and fastened his horse as well as possible in the chaise with the other that remained. In a few minutes the chaise was ready. The elderly gentleman had enquired of our hero if his residence was any distance, Smith informed him not more than a mile. Few other words passed; and with no troublesome ceremony or excessive civility, the gentlemen with the fair charge, took their leave of our hero: the lady indeed looked more than she spoke, as she again and again thanked him for his timely assistance. Smith handed her to the carriage, and silently bowing as he dropped her fair hand, a sigh burst from his heart, and spoke a language no female heart could ever mistake. Lost in thought, he stood where the carriage had left him, reviewing the strange occurrences of his twice meeting with the fascinating stranger. Every fear of a lover haunted him; and he had not recovered from the stupor in which her departure had immersed him, when the noise of horses close behind him roused his attention. Scarce had he time to turn round, before he received a blow that struck him to the ground. One of the fellows (for there were two) instantly dismounted to finish the bloody work, for he meant nothing less than to be certain of his death, when an occurrence happened that for a time retarded the ever-certain blow. Ah! young man, had it been your lot to have perished at this period of your life—had the hands of the assassin here closed the book of your existence—what friend (for thou hast many), what acquaintance (for every one that knew thee loved thee), would not have mourned thy unhappy catastrophe?—just entered thy seventeenth year, with a person tall, handsome and engaging, in which, through the blooming countenance and graceful form of the youth, was seen the future hopes of manly beauty and commanding dignity. The dark eyes, which a clear complexion and light thin hair made more conspicuous, claimed the attention of each stranger; while an interesting face and pleasing address at once prepossessed them in thy favor. Free and innocent had been the days of thy life; thou hadst always followed the dictates of a heart naturally inclined to good, and which had been cherished and improved by the watchful eye of one, who crushed at the first appearance every species of what was bad. How strangely do mankind err in the cause of their sorrow! See yonder poor wretch, the helpless victim of despair! he has lost his only child at that very moment when preparations were making to celebrate the completion of his twenty-first year! born to honors, titles and vast possessions, sprung from a long, illustrious line of ancestors, the father had fondly hoped to increase his greatness even more splendid than his own. Disappointed, he sinks under the stroke, and an untimely grave waits to receive the last remains of this most noble family. "One comfort yet cheers me," says the grief worn parent; "the virtues of my illustrious house have not perished before its titles." Know, short-sighted mortal! that thy son with all his accomplishments, had he lived but one day longer, in in a far more cruel way had blasted thy hopes by a marriage with one equally infamous for birth and manners. Infatuated to a specious form, he had taken pollution to his bosom, and his death alone has broke the chain of a long connection of infamy and misery. The Circe of a well known duke was the object;—marriage she demanded as the price of gratitude; need I tell thee more?

But behold another object, reader; observest thou a grey headed old gentleman who follows that unhappy maniac? that too is his son, once a brave and high spirited young soldier, the pride, the glory of his father and his friends. How many prayers have been offered for his safety! How many wishes for his prosperity!—All, all have succeeded; he has increased his family possessions to more than a princely fortune; he has borne victory upon his helm, & has been rewarded from step to step with titles and honors. Now returned to his native soil to enjoy the harvest of all his glory, reflection steals upon his mind; remembrance tells him a clear unvarnished tale; in vain he calls upon oblivion: conscience sees the moment—strikes the deep barb of melancholy in his soul, and madness exulting seizes on the devoted victim. Shall I point out any others to thee, reader? No—if thou wantest any more, and canst not find them within thy own reach, I am sure thou wilt never see the force of mine.

I left my hero on the ground, and about to perish by the hands of two desperate villains; they were the fellow and his servant who carried off the young lady. The former, we remember, had mounted one of the post horses and galloped off: about two miles on the road he had met his servant waiting with fresh horses, and it was for the purpose of retrieving their prize that he returned. The lady was happily in safe hands; but Smith had soon perished the victim of his vengeance, if the appearance of other horsemen had not induced the fellow, who was off his horse, to mount again in a hurry, and be gone. A gentleman and his servant, who saw what happened, hastily came up. The servant, without waiting for any orders, furiously pushed on after the fugitives; but the men were fresh mounted, and his own horse, a post one, was not inclined to go any other than a road pace, therefore he was soon obliged to give up the pursuit. He returned to his master, who, raising Smith in his arms, said in a melancholy tone, "Did you know any face like this, Dick, almost lost his senses for joy. The grateful youth felt a pleasure he wished not to conceal; again and again he pressed the major's hand, and anxiously asked after his health; nor could he for a long time answer the enquiries both of master and man, how he came to be attacked in the manner beforementioned. When Smith had satisfied their enquiries, they informed him, that having landed with the remains of their regiment from the West-Indies, they were hastening to town when they met with a friend of Mr. Freeman's, who informed them he

was in that part of the country. As such they had hired post horses, and were going to call upon them, when they thus luckily came up.

They were no great distance from the doctor's.—Freeman was extremely glad to see his friend returned safe; and determined to leave the great divine's the next day, and join the major the next day at Mr. Selfwill's, with whom they were well acquainted. Selfwill with the cordial hospitality of an English gentleman, gave them an hearty and easy welcome. Mr. Selfwill was full of oddities, though they offended none but himself. Reader, if thou wisheſt not for a sketch of him, turn over to the next chapter. From his early youth he had been tormented with a rheumatic gouty disorder. He had experienced personally the whole pharmacopœa of medicine: he had been bled, blistered, purged, sweated, and cupped; seatons and issues, embrocations and ointments, with plasters emollient, strengthening, volatile and defensive, had again and again been applied. He had visited every watering place in the kingdom; had been stewed in more baths than the oldest Roman, had been electrified, magnetised, and earth bathed. He had at different times been the subject for employment to forty physicians, threescore apothecaries, four and twenty surgeons, and above two hundred nurses, bathers, &c. &c. &c. and all this before he was thirty. The day he arrived at that age he gave a great dinner, and sent cards of invitation to all his physical friends around him. He ordered an excellent repast, two courses of every thing that could be got, with wines of the first flavor and kind. A large company assembled; he himself was in unusual spirits, though, by the by, they seldom left him. Late turtle, turbot, venison and turkey, and burgundy in defiance of their hints and frowns. When the cloth was removed he thus addressed them: his swelled legs prevented his rising to give more energy to his speech: "Gentlemen of the faculty, for all the favors received at your hands, accept my most hearty thanks. This day I commenced my one and thirtieth year: a learned author has told me, at that age a man may set up for his own doctor; I think I have received as practically personal a knowledge of physic as any man on the face of the whole globe.——Henceforth, then, gentlemen, I employ myself alone, and mean to have the finishing of my own proper person. Thus I begin to make up for my lost time; what think you of this sample of my medecines?" The physical gentlemen put the best face on the matter, highly commended the contents of his shop, and departed too well pleased with his drugs to be displeased at their prescriber. I should have remarked, Mr. Selfwill had ever been fond of horses, and always rode when he was able; he had a most excellent stud, which like their master, were well doctored as the case required.

Mr. Selfwill was a single man of five thousand a year, and addicted to no particular vice; his great expences had been in the physical way. The morning after the above dinner, he sent for his chief groom. 'Sam,' said he.—'where is that famous blistering ointment that cured the bay mare's swelled legs?'

'Lord! your honor, I thought she would never have been worth a groat again—but that staff did wonders.'

'I mean to try it.'

'Sir.'

'Get the ointment.' Sam brought the ointment. 'Partial blistering,' said the new doctor, 'I know is of no service for a general disorder; therefore, like the mare blister me, Sam, from the knee to the ancle.'

'Your honor's surely in joke.'

'No; come, begin.' To shorten the story, Mr. Selfwill was so completely blistered in the equine fashion, that no one spot of flesh was visible upon his legs for a fortnight. The discharge from the parts, the dressings, management, and so forth, my delicacy leaves to the imagination of the reader. In a month from the day of operation, his legs were become the size of nature; pains and swellings were all fled, and Mr. Selfwill became a new man. He now indulged in his field sports, took care to be moderate in his living, and soon became a stout, hearty man. Medicines of all kinds he left off; thought no more of change of air, but generally resided at his seat in the country. But his old disorder had not entirely left him; after a few years returned, and the same remedy drove it away. As he got more advanced in life, it did not so easily give way to a general blister—and in his fifty fifth year he had been most severely tormented through a long winter, in defiance of the blister in the foregoing spring. The next winter commenced with another violent attack; he determined to try a more violent remedy, and coolly and resolutely, as a dernier resort, determined to be fired; fired I mean as his favourite horses were, the wonderful effects of which he had lately witnessed in destroying the bony swelling of two large spavins in an old favorite hunter. His letter to Mr. Freeman on that purpose, written the last autumn was to this effect:

'I am determined to be fired in spite of the foreboding exclamation of every one in the house; the only difficulty is, I can get no one to do it; my groom absolutely refuses—the farrier is alarmed and unwilling; and I have sent for a most famous horse doctor, a Scotchman, from the brave city of Edinburgh. I have not the smallest idea of its being a fatal operation; and as for pain, what will a man of resolution not bear to get rid of a continual one?' In the second letter in the spring he says, ''Tis at last done—and most completely. The wounds occasioned by the firing took a long time to heal—all now is sound and well. I wish to my heart I had been fired at one-and-twenty.—The legs may swell and the sinews may be stiff again, but I firmly beleve there is not an atom of pain left in them. I shall expect to see you this summer.'

It would take me too far from my subject to enter into the other oddities of Mr. Selfwill—he was a perfect Naturalist in one sense, for he always followed her rules: he cared not a thought for the why and the wherefore—the event he alone regarded; the causes he despised, he only looked to the effect. One instance I will give you: observing by the human race the powerful effect of inclination in the female at the season of fruitfulness, that the conceptions, fancies, delights, and pleasure stamped the habits of the rising offspring, and formed the man, he regularly had a hare turned out before the parturient females of his pack, which he took proper care they should run down, tear to pieces and devour. I presume not to say the consequence followed from this; but he certainly had the best pack of harriers of any man in the kingdom.

I cannot fail remarking, that a very famous breeder of horses perceiving the gifts of the body came from the mother, made a vast fortune by attending to this particular.

SCHABRACO.

A ROMANCE.

[*Continued from page* 134.]

IT may here be neceſſary to remark, that Marco, in his account to Piozzi reſpecting the buſineſs with his ſon, had very much deviated from the truth; for the fact was, that they were ſettling the mode of this ſecond expedition; but, confuſed by the count's penetrating queſtions, he evaded a juſt anſwer—agreed to *his* propoſal—and, in conſequence, Rinaldo hired another conveyance, which landed him about two hours before his father arrived.

He then went on to ſay, that, tired of waiting at the pavilion, and diſguſted with the gloomy air of the place, he ventured near the edifice, round which he ſlowly and uneaſily paced, till driven by the fearful tempeſt he regained his former ſhelter. Still no Schabraco appeared, nor could he obſerve any veſtige of inhabitants about the houſe. For more than an hour he ſubmitted to his uncomfortable fate; but more than ever diſpleaſed with the ſcene around him, he again left his refuge. All was now ſilent: the thunder ceaſed to roar but at a diſtance; the lightning flaſhed feebly and horizontally, and he was about to depart, when his ear was ſtruck by a ſound of lamentation, in a ſtyle calculated to rouſe every feeling of humanity.—At that very inſtant Schabraco appeared at a ſide door, and upon ſeeing Rinaldo beckoned him forwards. It was in vain to contend, and equally ſo to ſmother the agony of his ſoul!——

"You are come in good time," cried the tremendous deceiver. "The tempeſt prevented me ſeeking you at the pavilion; but it is not too late; follow me."

With a trembling heart our agitated hero obeyed the ſummons: there was no alternative, and he entered a vaſt and gloomy hall, almoſt unconſcious that he did ſo. The hollow echo of their ſteps, which ran along the walls, ſeemed to whiſper ſounds of horror. A ſuperſtitious dread defied every courageous exertion, and he followed into a room at the farther end of the hall with the expectations of a criminal.—Hardly could his bewildered ſenſe permit him to obſerve a wretched female, who, on Schabraco's entrance, darted out of the apartment with aſtoniſhing rapidity towards the great door; but upon being purſued, turned back, and attempted the grand ſtair caſe. Rinaldo's blood was chilled. Her exclamations were fraught with anguiſh——'Save me!" ſhe cried: oh, for pity's ſake deliver me from hands ſtained with the blood of the innocent!" At theſe words the aſpect of Schabraco defied deſcription——"Ah! is it ſo, tigreſs!" was all indignation would permit him to utter as he caught the wretched victim; who exhauſted and almoſt breathleſs, ſunk at his feet in the beforementioned apartment, while he deliberately unſheathed a weapon intended for the moſt horrible purpoſe.

'Gueſs,' cried Rinaldo, 'at my feelings at a moment like that! Caution, ſelf defence, even the certainty of my own dreadful fate ſunk to nothing. A female—an imploring, pleading, helpleſs female—holding up her claſped fingers for mercy!——a furious monſter, contemplating, with a grin ſo ghaſtly, the agonies he enjoyed, and ready every inſtant to ſeal her eternal deſtiny——Wonder not that I threw myſelf before this intended victim!——that I graſped her tangled locks, with a deſign to drag her from the vile wretch!——But oh, Signior, how vain were my attempts, had not my unjuſtly offended parent ſo miraculouſly interfered. Schabraco ſaw my purpoſe, and ſmiled at the futility of it. I have no doubt, but his addreſs to my father proceeded from the ſavage delight he took in endeavouring, at leaſt to create in his boſom a deteſtation of his injured ſon; for did not the count acknowledge Sabrina as his ſiſter? What then, could that deteſted deceiver mean by an inſinuation ſo unnatural?'

To this ſtatement of an affair ſo intricate, Mercutio could only give a wondering yet ſtrict attention. Ignorant as he yet was of Sabrina's hiſtory, he could give no clue to Rinaldo reſpecting her connections with and ſufferings from Schabraco; yet eager to exonerate the poor youth from a crime ſo heinous, he haſtened to his friend, and in the lady's preſence gave a clear and ſimple detail of the young man's conduct.

'Oh, he is right, indeed,' ſhe faintly exclaimed——'I ſhould, but for him, have fallen beneath the aſſaſſin's ſtroke——Noble youth accept my warmeſt thanks.' She then feebly raiſing herſelf from a ſofa, where (in conſideration of her extreme weakneſs) Piozzi had placed her, and ſhading with one hand her half cloſed eyes, ſhe extended her other to Rinaldo, who juſt then appeared before her.

'Ah,' ſaid the Count, 'this is what I wiſhed for:——his innocence is proved, and a wonderful——But I do wrong:—Reſt, my injured love——we will quit this apartment. I ſee Signior Mercutio is impatient for a ſolution of our ſtory. I will blend the account you have juſt now given with mine, and convince him of our ſufferings, our diſappointments, and our hope of future felicity.'

The recollection or rather recapitulation of ſuch mournful events as had diſtinguiſhed the early part of Piozzi's life, generally awakens dormant ſenſations, compoſed of a painful regret: with that nobleman it was exactly ſo; but it was a ſacrifice to friendſhip, and he paid it willingly. The fierceneſs of a Sicilian ſun was abated: its lingering beams hung on a cool portico which commanded the ſtraits of Meſſina, its oppoſite ſhore, tufted with a part of thoſe woods ſo terrible to our travellers on the preceding evening, and an extenſive track of the mediterranean, on whoſe calm and brilliant ſurface the diſtant ſail glittered to the declining ray, which as it gradually ſtole from obſervation ſeemed to melt into the blue horizon.

'I am charmed,' cried Mercutio, as he ſeated himſelf between the columns of the portico: 'I am always charmed with yonder ſcenery:—it unites the ſublime and awful with the beautiful and magnificent.'

Piozzi ſighed, and turned to look towards the Calabrian ſhore, as if he could have wiſhed to have avoided even the outlines of a place ſo horribly diſtinguiſhed. The look and ſigh was not unobſerved by Mercutio, who, willing to evade a ſubject which muſt ſtrengthen the ſorrows of reflection, would have carried his attention from objects calculated to produce it. The Count ſaw, and was pleaſed with his deſign; but well knowing that both him and Rinaldo ardently wiſhed a ſolution of ſuch wonderful myſteries, he turned affectionately to the youth; and after warmly expreſſing his regret for encouraging a ſuſpicion of his humanity in the late horrible tranſaction, and placing him on a marble ſeat, addreſſed his auditors as follows:—

'You have already underſtood the nature of my attachment to the dear ſiſter of my heart, and from what you have ſeen of her in the hour of perſecution and diſtreſs, will readily believe my aſſertion, that ſhe was once a moſt lovely woman. Thoſe charming treſſes, that delicate complexion, and expreſſive features, now ſo worn—ſo faded

—fodiſhevelled—were univerſally admired. Her mind was well informed—her temper ſweet—her diſpoſition friendly. Her ſpirit occaſionally took a melancholy turn, which was generally attributed to an enthuſiaſm bordering on ſuperſtition. In this ſhe was encouraged by Stephano, a Monk of the Dominican order, whoſe gloomy air and forbidding manner diſguſted every one but the gentle Sabrina. His occaſional penances were ſtrictly obſerved, and ſhe would faſt for ſins of which her pure ſoul had but a faint conception. The addreſſes of Signior Leoni, a brave and worthy character were received by Sabrina, with that chaſte diffidence which rendered her ſo intereſting: not the ſhadow of an objection could be raiſed againſt ſuch an union, and for two years Leoni was one of the happieſt of beings. The birth of Rinaldo (for thou art indeed the ſon of that invaluable woman) and could not increaſe (although it was of conſequence to) ſuch felicity as theirs. And I well remember Sabrina's ſpirits were viſibly enlivened by the acquiſition; but how was this ſerene and rational enjoyment of domeſtic harmony overclouded—not ſuddenly, yet unaccountably!——It betrayed itſelf on the part of Sabrina in a mournful ſilence; or, if obliged to ſpeak, her anſwers were ſhort, chilling and unſatisfactory. The ſight of her infant rather diſguſted than amuſed. Lonely walks, long and frequent abſences from her huſband, ſighs, tears and ſhort ejaculations, were the general effects of this awful change. At firſt we hoped it might proceed from a defect in conſtitution; but health was pronounced as convaleſcent. The only perſon whoſe viſits ſeemed acceptable, was Father Stephano; and the only perſon whoſe attendance ſhe permitted, when abroad was Durandor. Yes, Mercutio, that Durandor—and—but I will not anticipate—Diſtracted by a change ſo terrible, Signior Leoni came to my palace, near Leghorn—(his own reſidence was at Florence) and entreated my company back with him! as the evident partiality his lady had ever ſhewn me might, he hoped, on this occaſion, be an inducement with her to to commit a beloved brother the ſubject of her anguiſh. Happy to ſoothe the Signior by my hearty concurrence with his wiſhes, I directly haſtened our departure, and had ſcarcely entered upon the journey, when a ſervant of Leoni's abruptly ſtopped us. His haſte, countenance, and whole appearance, announced ſomething fatal. Never can I forget the unfortunate huſband's diſtreſs, when told his wife had—eloped!—That Durandor was her companion; and that the following note confeſſedly meant for concealment, was found in an eſcrutoire belonging to Durandor; which note criminated Father Stephano as being an accomplice in the treachery of ſpiriting her away.

TO DURANDOR.

'You do right to diſcharge from your conſcience all ſenſe of ſhame or evil in the preſent buſineſs. I will from time to time, as occaſions may ariſe, furniſh you with the fulleſt abſolution——Fear not, then.—Be reſolute—ſpeedy—and impenetrable!'

'Leoni, who, in an attitude of indeſcribable agony, had ran over the infernal ſcrawl, immediately exclaimed—'"Tis him—the diabolical Stephano, who has torn from my heart its ſweeteſt comfort. But I will be revenged!—enthuſiaſtic villain! He has poiſoned her mind—He has inſinuated (I know it) the pretended impiety of a conjugal life. Artful monſter!—The maſk ſhall be torn from a hypocrite ſo deteſted!'—It was eaſy to gueſs at what my brother's ſuſpicions pointed; and that he dreaded Sabrina was intended for a ſacrifice of an illicit nature: but in this ſentiment I could not join. His character, his manners, his converſation, all forbade a thought diſgraceful to a member of the church; and I employed thoſe hours dedicated to our journey in favour of Stephano. But when we arrived at Florence, the truth burſt upon us from all quarters. Signora Leoni was fled with Durandor. Stephano was abſent: he had previous to her departure, been ſhut up part of the day with my ſiſter, whoſe melancholy encreaſed to the moſt heart piercing grief, as ſhe hung over her infant before ſhe quitted her huſband's hoſpitable manſion. Irritated almoſt to madneſs, and denouncing every puniſhment againſt the ſuppoſed author of his calamity, the Signior ſet on foot a ſtrict ſearch of ſuch convents as moſt readily occurred to him of a character to admit females without the ſtricteſt enquiry into the motives of their ſecluſion; and this he did from a preſumption that Sabrina might be confined there till the fury of Leoni's purſuit might be abated. But he never ſaw her afterwards; and, oh, my Rinaldo, what will you feel when I tell you that reſpectable, unhappy gentleman, after three week's abſence upon an expedition in which he permitted me not to accompany him, was reported to be murdered in a wood at ſome diſtance from Florence. His aſſaſſins were taken near the ſpot; and one of them, I am now confident was the deteſtable Schabraco—in other words, *Father Stephano*—Reſtrain, my dear nephew, this torrent of grief and let it be remembered, if it were ſo, he has at laſt been overtaken.

'Impious monſter!' exclaimed the poor youth.'—'Oh, that he may ſurvive long enough to endure——.'

'Silence, Rinaldo; your rage is impotent; nor can be gratified in that way. Schabraco may yet feel the extent of mortal ſuffering: ſhould life be ſpared, he ſhall be produced to anſwer for his enormous crimes in a legal manner. I have now only to add, that in conſequence of the illneſs I hinted at, the ground of his accuſation could never be aſcertained to me, nor the event of that accuſation—though I have now every reaſon to think that the church ſtirred moſt effectually in that dark buſineſs; and I returned to Leghorn with the precious charge my ſiſter had left, with a determination to adopt him for my own.—Not many weeks after my return, Leonora, the comfort and ſupport of my wounded heart, too much attached to the loſt Sabrina, and too delicate to bear its conſequences, added by her death a dreadful encreaſe to my miſeries.—Ah! had we known the nature of a beloved ſiſter's ſorrows diſtraction muſt have enſued. But I will now, if my Rinaldo can bear the recital of thoſe ſorrows, follow up my melancholy account with her's.'

[*To be continued.*] to page 148

By the requeſt of many of [redacted]ſcribers to the Magazine, I have been induced to haſten the publication of "The Hiſtory of Jack Smith," by inſerting in each publication a greater quantity than uſual; and truſt that my readers will excuſe the infringement when the merit of the ſtory is taken into conſideration

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I return my thanks to thoſe of my ſubſcribers who have been prompt in their payments; at the ſame time I have to remind many that their accounts for the laſt quarter's ſubſcription remain as yet unpaid.

FROM THE GAZETTE OF THE U. STATES.

A new Song—*to an old tune.*

Sung by —— ——, at a late meeting of the REPUBLICAN Society, Baltimore.

REPUBLICANS be on your guard,
Look sharp to what is doing,
The *Feds* you see are working hard
To bring about your ruin.
Yankee doodle, here's a cup,
Take a little brandy,
Twill serve to keep your spirits up,
Jefferson's the dandy.

There's not a man among us all
But tells his vaunting story,
Of JOHNNY QUINCY's destin'd fall—
That cursed British tory.
Yankee doodle, push the glass,
Send about the brandy,
He that flinches is an ass,
Jefferson's the *dandy,*

Then rally strong, and you'll defeat
Their schemes of wicked action,
And trample underneath your feet,
The royal British faction.
Yankee doodle turn 'em out,
Places are the dandy,
What the devil are you about
Send us round the brandy.

Be staunch and firm on freedom's side,
And keep a close connection;
Let no aristocrats divide
Your votes at next election.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Push about the brandy,
Johnny Quincy's out of luck,
Jefferson's the dandy.

The cry for war has no release,
But hot and hotter waxes;
Then vote him in, he'll give us peace
And pay off all our taxes.
Yankee doodle *Jeffer* doo,
Son—y, doodle dandy,
Son—y, doodle, *Jeffer* doo,
Sink the price of brandy.

Cylander and Laura,

A tale, from Poems by W. Amphlett.

WHERE, thou of Owen's vale, where is thy reed,
That pour'd such tender wailings o'er the plain?
Oh! that the tyrant marble would recede,
And give thy muse or thee to earth again.

Oft in thy rural glades, and blooming bowers,
Cylander taught his youthful feet to stray,
But ah! how swift, how fleeting were the hours,
That brought delights so pure and scenes so gay.

Cylander's was that happy middle state,
Nor ere to want, nor ere to wealth allied;
The great he envied not, his soul was great,
And virile independence was his pride.

If virtue's tranquil mein his eye beheld,
Though in the gyves of penury confined,
No baits of pride, or negligence withheld,
From friendship honest, and attention kind.

Too soon, alas! his unsuspecting breast
Was taught to bear his own vindictive woes,
Too soon health-wasting sorrow was his guest,
Too soon his days of hope and pleasure close.

Laura, the boast of many a lyric song,
The blooming Laura won his tender heart,
Her graceful charms employed his willing tongue
In strains which admiration would impart.

In the sincere effusions of his muse,
Behold what energies inspir'd his mind;
Read but let virtuous candor well excuse
Those faults superior excellence may find.

To three amiable sisters;

WHEN Paris was to give the prize,
To wisdom, power or beauty,
He bow'd, a slave to Venus's eyes,
And humbly own'd his duty.
But if you three had claimed the fruit,
To whom had it been due,
Since all those three perfections meet,
And shine in each of you.

MOSEY.

EPIGRAM.

CRIES Hodge in pet, O Jove befriend me,
And quick another help-mate send me.
O let, cries Kate, his prayers prevail,
But let the help-mate be a male.

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